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From: "The Stillness at the Center of the Target"

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from: THE STILLNESS AT THE CENTER
OF THE TARGET

21:

Begin with the lies of sun and moon
day and night sitting at the same table
the eye of fire and the eye of glass

Their light lies upon the sea in colors
Upon the luffed sails
or sensible on the deep backs of its creatures

At bottom darkness
great jaws hurrying behind their own lights
through cold tons of pressure

The sea fumes
The clouds are thin or heavy
shifting and busy in the lie of the wind

We are foolish
We believe in their possibilities
in rain

in the odor of lightning in electric meadows
in the laughter of trees
appearances small vanishings renewals

in the charities of bone and pollen
the small lies of the cricket and the wren
in the framing of houses

Lying is nature we say
and lying well is an art
and as both have it another way we say

There are lies like an empty glove
like lovers' fingers
like a rich woman stealing butter

dime-store lies
the nifty pocket-knives of our own advice
the watchman's footfall in the empty yard

Lies like the machines of our miracle with no moving parts
like cards with holes in them for nothing
like celebrations intricate with fire and air

I'll settle for all of them
settling for a world that comes apart like a surprise
and is all imaginable

For the voice in the next room useless and reasonable
as the sea is delicate and muscular
running under such dreams as run under our lives

22:

So this is how it ends
So this is what it comes down to
a list of things we will need for the past

Faces for identity
a fence of lines across one forehead
small greed in the wings of the nostrils
eyes that invent a glorious look of the sea

Probable bodies
taking the sun
taking the winter's sugar
the years counting in moles and scars

If our passions mean anything this is how
If whole countries are willing this is why
'Only experience teaches us how to die'

In order to survive what we have
we will need more of it
we will need to wise up to know what is good for us

Away from the news the smoke of our having
in this house of open doors that seem closed
before the grace of simple food
we listen again
to a story of gifts
the story of the power of hats with old men

the air in the arroyo crackling clear
blown snow freckling and flickering
our beer in a dazzling chill on the table

And when we drive down the mountain
as we must
past the swing bridge and the wild dogs toward the city
together toward our separate and violable lives

we will share a common light
a mutual way
We will be immigrants again in our own tongues